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The EXAMINER.

From Friday April 16, to Monday April 19, 1714.

Et Spes & Ratio ſtudiorum.——— Horace.

THE *Paſſions* of the *Whigs* are as unreaſonable, as their *Principles* are abſurd, and and their *Actions* unlawful. They run from one Extream to another; and whether they are to be *Merry* or *Sad*, whatever happens, they no more know over Night, than whether the next Morning will be Clear or Cloudy. For want of due Notices and a timely Preparation, they ſometimes behave ſo very awkwardly, upon the coming out of the *Lye* and *Clamour of the Day*, that you ſhall ſee them this Moment, in the moſt deſponding abject Condition imaginable; and the next, Fluſh'd and Tranſported with I know not what Riotous and Enthuſiaſtick Raptures. Writers do indeed make the *Antitheſis* to be a very great Beauty; and oppoſite Characters ſet cloſe by one another, like the Laughing and Weeping Philoſopher in one and the ſame Piece, afford a very pleaſing Variety: But ſuch Inconſiſtency in Conduct, and ſuch unaccountable Turns in the Affairs of human Life, and in the Minds of Men upon Matters of the laſt Conſequence, muſt be much more Entertaining, when the Folly of them appears to be Incurable, and ceaſes to be Dangerous. The *Spleen* and *Whim* are allow'd to be as Infectious as the *Small Pox*, and 'tis no ſuch ſtrange Thing to ſee a whole *Party* down with it at a Time. To Day, the ſickly *Thing* Whines and Complains, and calls for Cordial after Cordial, without any proſpect of Eaſe or Relief: To Morrow, *It* is all Life and Gaiety, Dancing, Singing, and Romping, and playing over all the pretty Gambols and Tricks, which *Monkeys* (if they had been *Naturaliz'd*) might poſſibly have taught us in Perfection. 'Tis true, and I ſpeak it with great Reſpect to *Foreigners*, thoſe little *Whigs* of the *Indies* want Order and Diſcipline; and ſome are apt to admire them and their little Troop, when they behold them in a Thouſand various Poſtures, and committing a Thouſand different Extravagances; which ſhew a Genius for Mimickry and Frolick, of vaſt Compaſs and Extent. But whilſt Harmony and Agreement are of any Value in Nature, it would certainly be much more ſurprizing to ſee the whole Body of theſe Animals doing their Exerciſe under able and experienc'd Leaders, every one of them, in Rank and File, holding up a Leg, or cutting a Caper at the Word of Command; and either contracting their Features into an Aſpect of Sorrow, or chattering at ſome auſpicious Miſchief, and dilating their Muſcles into an affected Grin, juſt as their Leaders give the Sign, or Iſſue their Orders at a general *Review*, or whenever the *Trumpet* ſounds, and the *Show* is about to begin.

Thoſe Men muſt without doubt be true Lovers of Liberty, who are not Maſters of their ordinary Paſſions and Appetites; who deny themſelves the Benefit of *Toleration* in the moſt innocent Amuſements, and moſt indifferent Ceremonies of Life; whoſe very Humour and Countenance are under an Arbitrary Government, and who can neither Smile nor Frown, be Angry or Well-pleaſed, without the expreſs Leave and Permiſſion of their Superiours. Methinks the *Tyrants* and Ringleaders of *Faction* ſhould content themſelvee with having the Hearts, Tongues, Hands, Purſes, and Conſciences of ſo many Vaſſals and Followers, at their own entire Diſpoſal, without offering to uſurp upon their Faculties and Organs of Sorrow and Riſibility: Whereas, inſtead of this reaſonable Immunity, their Looks and Features are none of their own; their Party muſt not only preſcribe to them *Feaſts* and *Faſts*, when to go in Mourning and when to make Bonfires: But upon their appearance in Publick, and in every private Converſation, their Tone, Geſture, and minuteſt Circumſtances of Behaviour, are regulated and aſcertain'd; and they muſt Speak, Act, Walk, Dreſs, and Look by *Mechaniſm*, for fear of ſpoiling the *Puppet-Show*. Tis true, they are allow'd to cram their Mouths with the Word *Liberty* as full as ever they can; to mumble it up and down, and ſputter it in every one's Face who comes near them; but they muſt not offer to ſwallow, or think of digeſting it, after having boarded ſo long with *Mithridates*. Hence you may obſerve what ſtrange Uneaſineſs and Perplexity a Creature of this Kind is in, when he goes abroad too ſoon in a Morning, and unluckily falls into honeſt Company, before he has ſpoken with his Friends, or whiſper'd an *Officer* of the *Party*, or had the *Lye of the Day* given him: Without which, he is at a loſs, whether to be pleaſed or out of Humour, and poſſibly may expoſe himſelf by Two or Three irretrievable Blunders, and loſe a whole Morning's Service, before he is ſet right in the preſent Exigences of the *Cauſe*, and can proceed upon very good Grounds, either to ſhew his Teeth and Inſult his Neighbours, or to Talk deplorably and Howl over his Friends; or before he can tell, whether his *Pulſe* is to beat high or low, his *Blood* to be in a Stagnation or Ferment, his *Lips* to be employ'd in Groaning or Huzzaing; and which way he may puſh or draw off, exert or recal his other Faculties, Powers, and Operations, both of *Body* and *Mind*, to the beſt Advantage, and with the faireſt Proſpect of doing his *Party* Service.

As for *Truth*, I do not find there is that Diligence *in Searching and Inquiring after it Impartially*, nor that Zeal for *Thinking and Speaking freely*, in Spite of *Prieſts* and *Magiſtrates*, which the *Whigs* did formerly boaſt of, at the Expence of I know not how much *Ink* and *Paper*. On the contrary, they have run ſuch Lengths in *Superſtition* and *Credulity*, and are grown ſo very Learned and Induſtrious in Compiling and Collecting the moſt monſtrous *Fables* and *Legends*, for their own *Uſe*; with all the Ornaments of *Preface*, *Introduction*, *Appendix*, *Additions*, *Emendations*, *&c.* that it is impoſſible they can make any Advances in the Art of Falſhood and Abſurdity, after having crown'd all by giving out and inſiſting, that they are *Proteſtants* ſtill. As much Pains, Coſt and Study are now employ'd in Diſcovering and Propagating a good, hopeful, and profitable *Lye*, as if rightly employ'd, would have made a prodigious Progreſs in the Knowledge of *Nature* and all its Secrets; and perhaps by this time have fully Demonſtrated to us the *Fixing* of the *Longitude* and *Squaring* of the *Circle*. A *Lye* a Day is nothing: Whole Shoals of them come up with the Tide, and go off again as duly, as one can ſettle the *High* and *Low-water* Mark at *Weſtminſter*. We have a *Party* among us, who affirm and deny, believe and diſbelieve, juſt as their Intereſt prompts 'em; who create *Saints*, do *Miracles*, *Indulge*, *Diſpenſe*, *Pardon*, *Save*, *Damn*, and *Tranſubſtantiate*, at certain *Rates* and *Prices*, by *Wholeſale* or *Retail*. The *Clocks* and *Dials* about Town are, by adhering to the *Church*, almoſt ſuſpected of being in the *Tory Intereſt*. It is ſtrange to obſerve, how the groſſeſt Blunders and lewdeſt Bungling in the diſplay of this Talent, are encourag'd and ſet to account as the Marks of Zeal, and Indications of a hopeful

Genius.

Genius. The *Knaves* and *Fools*, the *Bigots* and *Infidels* of the *Faction*, are Slaves by Turns, and mutual Supports to one another. What Pains are they at, to ſalve a poor Brother's Credit, who has pop'd out a *Lye* awkwardly: before it was Ripe for Invention, and when it ſhould have remain'd a Secret ſome time longer. One Wretch has an ill Memory, and in playing the *Eccho*, omits a material *Note*. Another wants to diſtinguiſh himſelf. and throws in a *Lye* of *Supererogation*, which ſpoils all. A Third ſhoots at random, and *lies* wide of the Mark. A Fourth offers to Argue upon't; which he ſhould not have done, for Reaſons beſt known to his Directors. A Fifth inſiſts after a Diſcovery is made, and the Date of the *Lye* is expir'd: But ſtill as abſurd and fooliſh as all theſe Creatures are, they muſt be juſtify'd and upheld, for fear they ſhould think themſelves neglected, or in time be Piqu'd to that degree, upon the loſs of their Reputation, as to turn *True Men*, and neither *Lye* nor *Believe* any more in the Service.

Sometimes the Managers of the *Faction* will venture to Talk and Write of *Good* and *Evil*, *Vice* and *Virtue*; but then either their Speculations are ſo dry and general, that no particular Application can be made, ſo that the Whole is Cant, and a mere Charm and Amuſement of Words and Sounds. Or elſe they are under the moſt Slaviſh and Criminal Reſtraint imaginable, are ſtinted in their Choice of *Good*, and have the *Virtues* dealt out to them, by Cantlets and Parcels; juſt as their *Party* has a preſent occaſion for them. Their *Watches* and *Minds* are both in the Hands of Artificers; and their Morality depends upon Times and Seaſons, Dates and Periods. They dare act by no ſolid, laſting, and conſiſtent Principle. When *Fears* and *Jealouſies*, *Apprehenſions* and *Dangers* are appointed to take their Run, they muſt Whine and Snivel, and not ſhew the leaſt Spark of *Courage*; but when all is going, throw the *Engliſhman* after it. If any Miſchief be in View, they muſt Swagger and Bully, and leſſen the very ſame Enemies to *Pygmies*, who were before *Monſters* and *Gyants*. To Day, they muſt love their Country ſo well, as to Condemn, upon the ſingle Evidence of *Scandal* and *Aſperſion*: To Morrow they muſt extol the Guilty, and their Country is ungrateful for diſcourageing Avarice and Ambition. Whilſt they Rage, they bid others be *Moderate*; and when they have ſpent their Fury, they deſire not to be Provok'd. They *Divide* the Houſe, and then gravely ask, *Whether it be not ready to Fall?* And they are deſpotically Govern'd by *Cabals* and *Minorities*; and all this while the World is to bear them Witneſs, how Zealous they are for the *Conſtitution* in *Church* and *State*.

The Imaginations of theſe Drudges to Party, are continually floating between *Right* and *Wrong*, and their Actions indetermined to *Good* and *Evil*, till the Ballancing Weight of *Intereſt* is put into the Scale, and the Biaſs affixed to their Minds; after which every thing is *Inſtinct* and *implicit Propenſity*. I thought the other Day, I had heard a very grave Gentleman declaiming upon the Topick of *Dangers* and *Apprehenſions*, with all the hearty Zeal and Serioufneſs, that could poſſibly be ſhewn to prove a rational Being in Earneſt. He utter'd the *Pannick* he was in ſo very well, deſcrib'd the Coming of the *Pretender* in ſuch lively Colours, and ratify'd every Sentence with ſuch Looks, Geſtures, and Aſſurances: that inſtead of Rallying, I could almoſt have found in my Heart to pity his Miſtake. He proteſted: *It was Impoſſible! They could not Mean any thing elſe!* —— *It muſt: It will be!* —— *And depend upon it!* ——— *I ſee him coming!* (Here we all ſtar'd round us) —— *Nothing but Fire and Faggot, Chains, Wooden Shoes!* (at every Word in the *Inventory* he gave a horrible Groan) ——— *And we are all Ruin'd and Undone!* —— He was was going to make kind mention of his *Wife* and *Children*, and to take his Farewell of *Bank Stock* and other Moveables, uſually inſerted in Forms of this kind: when the Arch Jade, who fill'd his *Tea*, unluckily ask'd one of the *'Prentice Boys*; *If there would be Bonfires upon the Do——'s arrival?* At which Words he ſtarred, and without giving himſelf leave to finiſh the Queſtion; *What D.——?* Or to ſtay for an Anſwer: He made a Sally at once, and a violent Irruption into *'Change Alley*. About *Two*, I ſaw him by the *Pope's Head* in Extacies. He would hardly look upon a *Churchman*, after having made an Intereſt in the *Belfry*. At *Eight* he was Loudeſt; at *Ten*, profoundly Silent. The next Morning early he found his Tongue again; and his *Tory Neighbours* have been plagu'd with his Impertinence ever ſince.

Now I am got into *Story-telling*, I cannot forget the pleaſant Behaviour of a wiſe Creature, a famous Teller of *Noſes*, and Taker of *Polls*: Who conſtantly reads *Liſts*, and explains upon them, by colouring the *Names*, and ſetting out the *Characters* with great Accuracy and Judgment. This buſie *Inſect* was buzzing over *One* of the *fineſt Collections* of the Sort, that ever I ſaw; going thro' the *Columns* with great dexterity, and culling his ſeveral Favourites, to whom he affix'd the Epithets of *Brave*, *Glorious*, *Bright*, *Great*, *Fine*, and ſo on! At the ſame time dropping here and there a foul Mark upon *Three* or *Four Names*, that came in his way, and in the way of his Friends: Whereupon ſome honeſt By-ſtanders interpos'd, and made themſelves ready for a *Vindication*. But a *Whig-Courier* came in upon the Spur, and prevented the Debate. The *Liſtmonger* demanded, *How it went?* Then after retiring to a Corner, a cloſe Hug, and a Whiſper, he came back, and very gravely told the Company —— That the *Jacobites* and *Perkinites* they had been talking of, were the honeſteſt and beſt *Patriots* upon Earth. He would drink their *Healths* with all his Soul; and Stand and Fall by them. — A ſmall *Surprize* might poſſibly have enſu'd, if there had not been a Preliminary Laugh, and a Word or two offer'd upon the Subject of *Party-Lunaticks*, and the *Difference* between *Banter* and *plain Lying*. By this time the *Whiſper* went round, and ſecret Orders were ſent to the *Preſs*, to prohibit all Reflections upon *New Converts*.

After ſuch Inſtances of a fickle, wavering, inconſiſtent Spirit, in this odd perverſe Generation of Men; ty'd to no Principle; every Day at variance with Mankind, and with Themſelves; Virtuous only by Chance; abhorring the Word *Faction*, and yet not to be comprehended under any other Name; Obſtinate when Wrong, and Inſtable when Right; regardleſs of the moſt important Things, and quarrelling for Trifles; how ſhall we behave towards them, or which way make them truly Serviceable and Uſeful? They may divert us, if they will not put us in Danger. And they can never put us in Danger, if they will not tell us of our Danger till they believe it themſelves. Whether they Divide, or are Divided, either way we may be ſafe: For if they follow their *New Converts*, they will not hurt us by dropping their *Old Ones*; and if they Reform their *Old* by their *New*, the Name of *Convert*, which they have made ſo free with, may at laſt poſſibly fall to their own Share.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Juſt Publiſhed by Authority,

AN exact Plan of the Town, Citadel and Harbour of Dunkirk, with the ſeveral Forts, &c. thereunto belonging, as they were in the Year 1712. By Colonel John Armſtrong. Curiouſly Engraven on Copper, and Printed on a large Sheet of Imperial Paper. Price 1s. 6d. Sold by John Morphew near Stationer's Hall. and Tho. Bowles next to the Chapter-Houſe in St. Paul's Church Yard.

AT the Golden Sugar-Loaf, right againſt the Horſe at Charing-Croſs, up one pair of Stairs, are all Sorts of Morning Gowns ſold for Men and Women of Brocades, rich flower'd Damask Sattins, and Callicoes; being the Goods of People that have fail'd, and can be affo ded a great Pennyworth. N. B. Any Gentlemen or Ladies may have the right Silk Wadding for Interlinings, being the ſofteſt, warmeſt, and lighteſt Thing that ever was known to the World, done after the Indian Manner, and as cheap as Colcheſter Bays; with the neweſt Sorts of Quilted and Canvis Petticoats and Waſtecoats for Ladies.

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